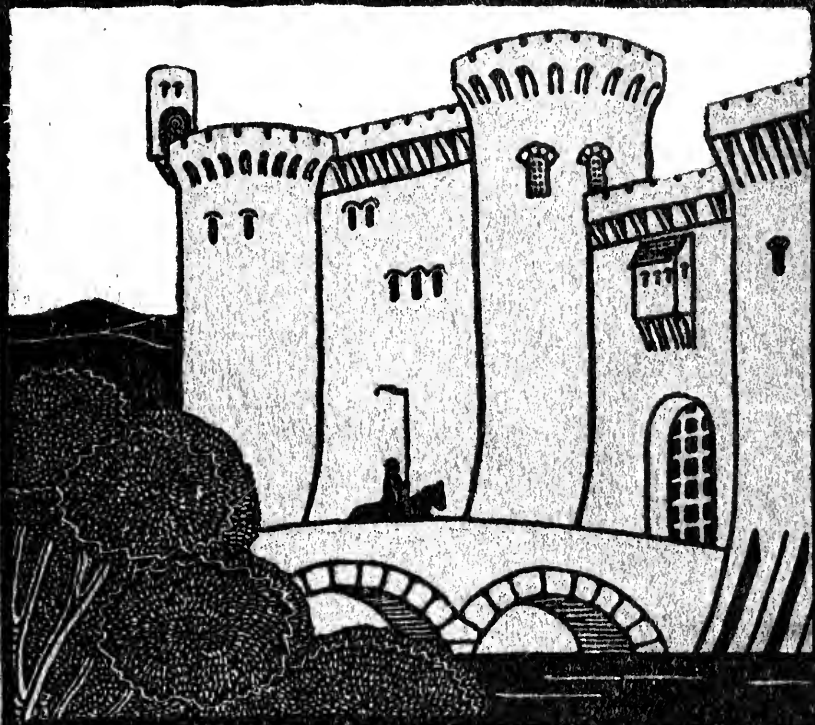


The King and the Harper and Other Poems



— George W. Stevens —

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Geo W Stevens

THE KING AND THE HARPER

Together with

Other Poems by George W. Stevens.

Made into a book by

The Cromelithe Press at Toledo, Ohio,

in this Our Lord's Year,

Nineteen Hundred.

Sometimes we want to express a thing very badly
---and we do.


I dedicate this book to my mother who thinks
everything I write is good.

I publish it because I want to.



GUTHRUM'S NIGHTINGALE

THE KING AND
THE HARPER



OBLES, ladies, knights and dames,
Minstrels with their songs and games,
Modest traders with their wares,
Monks and gray robed friars
with prayers,

Beggars, squires and palmers, all,
Waked the Abby's timbered hall,
Til the seneschal with rod
Gave the floor a mighty prod,
"List ye all, both great and smale,
Comes now Guthrum's Nightingale;
Minstrel to the Danish chief,
Wandered from his native heath."
Bowed the minstrel in good grace,

Pendent hung his harp in place,
Fair his ruff and tawny skirt,
Seemly was his waist begirt;
Capon grease well kembd his locks,
Sooted pumps, red nether socks,
He a comely lad and fair,
Faced the two score Saxons there.



As he played, a silence fell,
Harp and singer wove a spell,
Heard they then the Northland breeze
Sweep the old kings o'er the seas,
Heard they dying Lodbrock's song
As it fired the Danish Throng,
Heard they melody and rhyme,
Sire to son from Odin's time,
Tho' the Abbot bellowed: "Hold!
Harper durst thou be so bold?"
Still the lad held to the strain,

Bolder sang the bold refrain.
Blades flashed from their scabbards long---
Calm the singer, clear the song;
Pressed they close, a frenzied band---
Keen his ear and sure his hand.
Sent he then a mighty chord,
Oscillating through the hord,
Shields with rampant beasts enriched,
Rang like tuning forks bewitched,
Every breast-plate gan to sing
Like some weird enchanted thing,
Pulsing to the strange refrain
Til they rent their bolts in twain;
Blades were shriven in the sheath,
Lances trembled like a leaf,
Nodes and segments smote their ears,
Swayed the antlered chandeliers,
Dishes rattled, tables groaned,
Walls and timbers creaked and moaned;

High and low, and great and small,
Fled in terror from the hall,
Vibrant tones isochronous,
Rightly used can raise a muss.



Where the silken cloth was laid,
Peacocks were with tails displayed,
“Rare this feast of chivalry,
Sooth, ’tis good enough for me.”
Then the harper made to sit
And discuss the dainty bit.
While he yet enjoyed the bird,
“Make way for the king!” was heard.
Greased, the harper, cheek and jowl,
Stood up with his face a-sowl,
“Nay be seated,” said the king,
“I would fain discuss a wing
And some matters I have heard,
Without broidery of word.

Know I of the power you sway
Over iron and over clay,
Of the magic in your strings
That could make and unmake kings,
Only let your harp be still,
Sooth I'll make you what you will;
Raise you to a high estate,
Give you tapestries and plate,
Give you robes as rich as mine,
Give you cellarers and wine,
Honey from the royal hives;
Give you lands, and give you tithes,
Teach no prentice hand the power,
These, and more, will be your dower.
When you play at my command
Let it be with bridled hand,
Let the magic of your strings
Sway emotions, but not things,
Let it make the heart beat glad,

Let it make us passing sad,
Let it stir the valiant breast,
Let it soothe the babe to rest;
That is all---yet by the bye
You may let the lover sigh,
Keep all else within thy brain,
There to seek the dust again.”



Duly was the compact signed,
Duly hydromeled and wined.
Now a song will make us glad,
Or in turn we're passing sad,
Stirs it now the valiant breast,
Soothes it also babes to rest,
Lovers sigh a goodly store,
Only this and nothing more.
Tho' we compass land and main,
Weigh the planets to a grain,
Chain the lightning to our needs,

Time the faintest star that speeds,
Still we never lift the veil
Drawn by Guthrum's Nightingale.





THE log of the good ship Nod I ween
Is the fairest log I know;
It's written in dew,

On the misty blue
Of the pages of long ago.

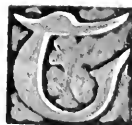
Only the eyes of a child may read,
And only a child may go,
The mariner bold
Is a three year old,
And the sailors are made of dough.

The town of Good Night lies far astern,
The Island of Dreams ahead,
The binnacle light
Is a fire fly bright,
And the cargo is gingerbread.

Swung in a golden hammock of dreams,
We would cruise for evermore;
But there comes a day
When she sails away,
And alas, we are left on shore.

Aye, aye, the log of the good ship Nod
Is the fairest log I know;
It's written in dew,
On the misty blue
Of the pages of long ago.





TIMES that's nowadays ain't those
'At's gone by, as we'uns knows,
Good old days when you an' me
Wuz light o' heart as youngsters be;
There's a change somewhere that's true---
Maybe Bill, it's me an' you.
I git thinkin' sometimes, thin
I wish I wuz a boy ag'in.
I kin see us just as plain,
We'uns goin' down ther lane
With er hook an' line an' pole,
Bound fer our old fishin' hole,
Where we'd fish a little, thin
Lay around an' talk ag'in;
Stretch ourselves out on the grass,
Watch th' butterflies 'at pass,
Bees an' beetles droning by
Kinder lazy, an' ther sky
Jist as blue as blue kin be,

Stretchin' fur as you kin see,
Till it meets th' daisy plot
Way down in th' pasture lot.
There's a music in th' air
'At you don't hear everywhere,
Sort o' hummin', peaceful, low;
Don't know jist what makes it tho'.
Sometimes sounds as if th' breeze
Wuz a whispering to th' trees,
Or a rustlin' of th' grass
That perhaps wont let it pass.
Anyway it's soft an' low,
You've a-heered it too, I know---

Sometimes hear it now---an' thin
Wish I wuz a boy ag'in.



I'M LONGING FOR
MY BABY DREAMS



I'm longing for my childhood's home,
I'm longing for my trundle bed;
Beneath the old blue counterpane,
I long again to tuck my head.

I long to feel my mother's hand
Steal gently round my own wee palm;
I long to hear her singing low,
As soft as any angel's psalm.

I long to sleep as sleeps a child,
Sprite of the sifting soft moonbeams
Touch with your starry wand my lids,
I'm longing for my baby dreams.





DEACON Skinner's clock was tall---
Straight sot up ag'in the wall,
An' I had to get a chair
For to see the sojers there,
What came out and marched before
A captain who popped out a door
Every time she struck, an' thin
Turned and popped right back ag'in.
I was just a little mite
And that clock was greatest sight,
Sottin' up ag'in the wall
Mighty fine and mighty tall;
And the sojers what marched by,
In their red coats caught my eye
In a way that sojers now
Couldn't cotch it anyhow.
Well, our folkse moved away,
And the years lagged on 'fore they
Went back visitin' some aunts,

Takin' me and the fust chance.
Fast as my two legs could race
I just made for Skinner's place,
For to feast my eyes once more
On them sojers---but the floor
Or th' ceiling had grow'd small,
An' the clock ag'in the wall
Wa'n't so shiny, and my face
Reached up to the captain's place---
And the sojers wa'n't just right,
Wa'n't so purty or so bright,
And I didn't need a chair
For to see 'em marchin' there.
I was disappointed some---
But I watched 'em when they come,
'Cause they was old friends of mine;
And altho' they didn' shine
In their red coats, and wa'n't tall,
And the clock ag'in the wall

Kinder dwindled and looked sad
'Long with me, still I was glad
For to see 'em once ag'in
Marchin' roun' an' roun'---an' thin
Ma o' visitin' got through
And went home---and I went too.
Years an' years had passed away---
I was gettin' on and gray,
When ag'in in Skinner's hall
The old clock ag'in the wall
Met my sight---I'm sorry now
I a-seed it--'cant tell how
Somethin' tother wa'n't just right,
Didn't 'mount to shucks in height,
Sojers, little bits o' wood,
Squeakin' round, the captain stood
'Thout his arms before the door,
Trying as in days of yore
To look prim, but lost the knack---

Wish I hadn't a'gone back,
And could 'member it so tall
Sottin' up ag'in the wall.





COME get aboard my sailor man,
The ship of Dreams is on the tide;
She's tugging at her anchor chain---
Come get aboard and take a ride.

We'll cruise upon a wondrous sea
Where ever fair the winds prevail,
With star dust rippling in our wake
And moonbeams bellying the sail.

Sweet Candy Land is on our beam,
We sight a Noah's ark ahead,
The Pea Nut Islands come to view
Just off the shores of Gingerbread.

Come get aboard my sailor man,
We'll swiftly sail across the night--
Towards Tomorrow's shores until
The captain sights the Morning Light.



Far on the misty sea of time
Our ships are resting in the lees;
Full freighted down with happiness,
Just waiting for a favoring breeze.



FIRST love's a tingling from the toes
To head, that rushin' comes and goes
When you're a-thinkin' of someone
An' t' other folks is pokin' fun
At you because they kinder know
You likes her---well you always go
Right past her house when t' other way
Is nearer far---day after day
You're hanging roun' where she's to be
And meets by accident, and she
A'knowed it jist as well as you.
'Twas planned before---they always do,
An' always did, an' always will
Act just that way---you courts her till
You've run th' scale of huskin' bees
Where you can smack her hard when she's
A'got the ear o' corn that's red;
Of dances till you're nearly dead;
An' singing schools, an' firemen's balls

An' straw rides when the crisp snow falls;
An' candy pulls an' quilting bees,
An' sug'rings off when maple trees
Are being tapped for sap, an' all
The things you do from spring to fall,
An' from the fall to spring ag'in;
An' then it peters out, grows thin
An' dies away---old days that seem
Just like a sort o' faded dream.
Perhaps you meet her nowadays,
She's Mrs. Farmer Jones---you says
'Thout thinkin' of the long ago:
"Good mornin' mam, 'bout time to sow,"
Or "How's your yearlings coming on---
An' so this big chap's your son John."



Jed Billing's son was raised right here
Down on the lower road,
And learned the things that my boys learned,
And knowed just what they knowed;
And when it come to farming, why
He couldn't get the hang.
He up and run away to town
And wasn't worth a dang.

Why just a season back or so
It 'bout appears to me,
That he was nothing but a kid
That come up to your knee---
A common, warty, freckled kid,
Without no shoes or hat---
And so he's got a 'pointment, well
Now Ma'll laugh at that.




'M laying for the humorist
That pesters farmer folks
In illustrated papers and
Poomatic cycle jokes,
Because we're from the country, that's
No sign we aint got sense---
And when those bloomer girls ride by,
Go hide behind a fence.
The Smith girls at the next farm house
Wear bloomers every day,
There aint no blooming city girl
More bloomin'er than they.
A fellow used to bucking colts
And plowing stumpy fields,
Don't find no terrors lurking in
Them new poomatic wheels;
And if he's rode an old stone boat
And hay rakes without falls,
He'll tackle your velocipede---

In boots and overalls.
So kind o' get it out your head
That we're afeered o' wheels,
And all sot dead ag'in 'em, cause
We aint---the farmer feels
That wheelmen do a power o' good
A'making better roads,
And that's a'goin' to help we'uns
When toting of our loads.
So when you're riding down our way,
Don't be afeered to call---
You're welcome as th' sunshine, and
There's milk enough for all;
The latch string's allers hanging out,
And if you're busted down,
We'll hitch th' hoss and buggy up,
And tote you back to town.



BE GLAD ❁ ❁
YOU'RE POOR

E glad you're poor, the clothes you wear
Won't look no worse for 'nother tear;
Be thankful that your good corn cake
Will never give you pain or ache.
Be glad you're poor, and save your hairs
From wearing off with business cares,
And fearing banks are going to bust,
And who the deuce you're going to trust.
Be glad you're poor---no relative
Will grudge the time you're going to live.
Don't always worry 'bout your lot,
Give thanks for what you havn't got,
And be content with what you get
And let the wealthy fume and fret.
Then when financial blizzards come
And banks go tumbling round like fun,
And stocks and bonds go galley west---
Just thank your stars you don't invest.
Go prop your legs up at the store
And smoke---and then be glad you're poor.



DON'T worry just because you're poor,
If you were rich you'd worry more--
That's cert'in.

You get your three square meals a day,
You couldn't eat more anyway---
 'Thout hurtin'.

Don't think the fates have been unkind,
There's many millionaires you'll find---
Complainin'.

There's lots of men with so-called means,
Who'd like to wear your old blue jeans---
'Thout strainin'.

You fellows in your working clothes
Can shake 'em when the whistle blows---
 'Thout frettin'.


The boss with dollars to your dime,
You bet he's working overtime---
And sweatin'.

There's them who'd give up every sou
If they could stand up strong like you---
And healthy.

You've got your children and your wife,
You've love and happiness and life---
You're wealthy.



WE'LL HANG OUR ❁ ❁
STOCKINGS IN A ROW

 HE backlog glows, and sings and cheers,
Companion of the whitening years;
The firelight flickers on the floor,
I'm dreaming I'm a boy once more.
Old hearth, a lifelong friend you've been,
Unchanging since the days within
The circle of your genial glow,
We hung our stockings in a row.

The mantel hasn't changed a jot
Since I was just a little tot;
The old clock standing 'gainst the wall--
Is just as straight and just as tall,
And nothing's changed at all but me;
The room is as it used to be
When in the golden long ago,
We hung our stockings in a row.

The friends of old have gone their ways,
Or passed beyond, these many days;
The ties that bind me to the past
Are dream'like fading out at last.
Tho' years the memories erase,
Ah! me, they never can efface
The joy when in the long ago,
We hung our stockings in a row.

And as I dream, I fail to hear
The tiny footsteps stealing near,
Till someone climbs up in my chair
And slyly tweaks my nose and hair;
“Wake up, Grandpa---I do believe
That you've forgotten Christmas Eve.”
“Forgotten---bless you---won't we tho',
Just hang our stockings in a row?”



THE RAIN



OUT my dormer window hazy,
Lie the stream and meadow lazy,
Soft the gentle rain-drops falling---
Back to life the greenlands calling.
Subtle as the hours descending,
Distant tree and hilltop blending,
Gracious as the love eternal---
Ever fragrant and supernal.





THE birds sing sweetest in the deepest glade---
Untrodden paths invite the fairest flowers,
The roughest stone the purest gem has made,
The faintest star could swing this world of ours.
Seek not for genius in the gilded halls,
Fame comes at last to those who've sorest wept;
A sage may dwell within a hovel's walls---
The King of Kings first in a manger slept.
Heed not a lowly birth, or humble home,
The sails ne'er feel the breeze until unfurled,
The flame of genius flutters on unknown---
Then meteor-like, illumines all the world.





HERE Thy feet have trod the way
Footsore press my steps to-day.
Know'st Thou well the brake and fen;
Son of God, have mercy then!

Passed Thou on with wondrous sight,
Faltering I with failing light;
Know'st Thou well my feeble ken;
Son of God, have mercy then!

Oft Thou'st felt the winds blow chill,
Drawn Thy mantle closer still.
Poor and scant my raiment's been,
Son of God, have mercy then!

Toiled Thou here for daily bread,
Rude the place to rest Thy head,
Know'st Thou well the throes of men;
Son of God, have mercy then!





HE sleepy cattle slowly plod
The trails that long stilled feet have trod,
The ploughman's fresh-turned furrows trace
The relics of a bygone race.
Where once they lived, loved, hoped and died,
New lives, new loves, new hopes abide;
And when these, too, have passed away,
So on forever, and for aye,
The hills tower on, life's nodes repeat--
Each lays its stratum at their feet.
These peaceful trees, oft heard the sound,
Of warring bowstrings twanging round,
Their leaves exhale as years increase---
The incense of the pipe of peace.
The silver-threaded valley lies
Serene and calm beneath the skies.
The birds and sunshine linger there,
And sweet content fills all the air;
Care stops a little while to play
A-down the Mohawk Valley way.



FROM foot to head
Just ginger bread,
A doughty boy was he;
A pat---a twirl---
A cooky girl
Was there for company.

"I feel," said he,
"You're made for me."
"I'm all undone," she said,
As from her face
She brushed a trace
Of flour, and turned quite red.

Her simple gown
Was getting brown
And gold gleamed in her hair.
"You're stirring me
Far more," said he,
"Than did the cook out there."

She felt aglow
From tip to toe
So nice and warm all through.
“Dear boy, I feel
I’ve lived a deal---
I’ve changed since I met you.”

And then her wee
Warm hand took he,
And pressed it to his lips;
They made no sound
Till both were browned
Way to their finger tips.

“‘Twill never do
We are so new
My nose we’ll dent no doubt.”
Now in his face
You’ll see a trace,
It never quite came out.

“A kiss,” he said;
She turned her head
And sweetly gave him one,
And then---“Oh my!
Good bye, good bye
I’ve got to go, I’m done.”

She did’nt though
He held her so.
“Sakes on us!” laughed the cook,
“It beats old Ike
How natur’l like
Them cooky folks can look.”





HE fled as I waked from my dreaming
to-night,
And nothing was there but the mellow
moonlight;
The breath of a rose, the sweet scent of her hair,
Seemed to linger a moment, then nothing was there.

The kiss that she gave me is moist on my brow,
The love that she plighted is thrilling me now;
Her voice fell, a moment since, sweet on my ear,
Now only the call of the night bird I hear.

The touch of her hand is still warm on my own,
But where, in all unmeasured space, has she flown;
The breath of a rose, the sweet scent of her hair,
Seemed to linger a moment, then nothing was there.





I'll have no loves on distant stars
While tender hearts forsooth abound,
Why reach to pluck the lofty rose
When fragrant ones grow near the ground.



HE stones that note each crumbling heap
Cast lengthening shadows o'er the
ground;

Grim dials that mark the end of time
For those who sleep so still around.

I see the nascent atoms free
The mouldering fetters of the grave---
To seek affinities anew
In elements they blindly crave.

They grasp the ivy on the tower
Or eager spring to meet the dew;
Some nestle in the lily's cup,
Some live in dull cold rock anew.

The light that in some bright eye dwelt
Is prisoned in the opal's heart;
The breath that some sweet lips exhaled
The roses perfume forms a part.

The recreated clay lives on,
The empty grave is cold and dark;
But where in all unmeasured space
Is wand'ring now life's fitful spark?





E world am full ob people, what's
A-tryin' all de while
To alter things about, to fit
Dar own pekooler style.

Dey's wasting precious moments, an'
Dey lose de joyful sound
Ob glad hosannas ringing all
De time, an' all around.

For when de robin's singing
Yo ken open wide your throat,
An' spostulate till doomsday, an'
He wouldn't change a note.

An' when de beaver's building
It am nonsense to persume,
Dat argufying's going to make
Him add annoder room.

An' dars ol mars woodchuck
A chucking all de day,
Dar kaint no resolutin' make
Him chuck no odder way.

De Lawd, he teached de robin an'
De beaver what they know,
He set the woodchuck chuckin', an'
He started me an' yo'.

He made de world, an' put us dar,
An' sot us going right,
An' if he wants to change us, why---
He'll do it over night.





OW don't commence to alter things,
The old Earth in her orbit swings
You several million miles away
From where you left off yesterday.

Those fellows of the Miocene
Who thought they ran the whole machine,
Are just a lot of early bones
Stuck fast in tertiary stones.

The bosses of Primevalites
Who ate the toothsome trilobites,
And dined upon devonian eels,
No doubt orated after meals.

Don't think you're springing something new,
There are no brand new thoughts in you;
The same old lines of stunts were done
In B C fourteen forty-one.

Don't buck against the things that are—
Your pull don't reach the nearest star.
Don't fret the planets in their flight,
They'll get around on time, all right.

The old World's laughing at your chin,
She knows full well you just got in.
Before you know what she's about---
Why bless your soul, you just get out.





We want
Reform,
And want it bad---

That is
We want
It good, egad!
We do
Not know
Just what we'd like---
But want
Reform
The guns to spike,
Of those
Who laugh
And wink a wink
At what
We think,
We think, we think!
A score of different ways we have

Of bringing this reform about,
But marry sir, we can't
Reform
Each other.
There's the rub, no doubt---
Each one of us has his scheme planned
For turning
Upside down this land.
He knows that his way
Is the best,
But strange, he can't
Reform
The rest.
It's tough to think
Our brothers
Scorn,
To follow, when
We toot
Our horn,

When sixty ounces make a ton,
When up the hills the rivers run,
When bullets, small, project the gun;
When puny planets swing the sun,
When sea is land
And land is sea---
The world will then
Reform---MAYBE!





I'M just a little bird, and shy,
Each day I see a man nearby,
Twit too, he's worn; twit too, no rest---
He's looking in his treasure chest.

Each day the man adds to his store,
He rubs his hands and goes for more,
Twit too, more notes; twit too, more gold---
The man is looking wan and old.

Ah! but he loves that wondrous chest,
It almost makes me hate my nest,
Twit too, life work; twit too, ah! me---
It must be very fine to see.

I havn't seen the man to-day,
I hear somehow he passed away,
Twit too, what's that; twit too, what's wrong---
He didn't take the chest along.

And now I needn't fear surprise,
I'll take a peep, and feast my eyes,
Twit too, how queer; twit too, just bags---
Some metal, and some paper rags!





HETHER be it silk or bristle,
Sable red, or down of thistle,
Tasseled corn, or hair of camel,
Fur of mastodon or mammal---
Hide of anything that rambles,
Hair of anything that ambles;
By a master truly pointed---
By a prentice hand disjointed.
You can use it, for we know, sir!
You can make the old thing go, sir!
True, the trick lies in the digit,
On the stick that makes it fidget.
Thus we send you this one, knowing
You will set its bristles flowing
With the dripping sunset yellow,
With the sifting moonbeams mellow.
You will make its fibers tingle
With the hues of glade and dingle,

You will make the canvass drizzle,
Make it freeze, or make it sizzle,
Limning every last sensation
Found throughout the whole creation.





ROUSED me from sleep, some wailing loon,
I read your message in the moon---
Ere sinks it's rim, with cobwebs hung,
Into the marsh from whence it sprung.
Wouldst have me leave this joyous pit,
These depths where merry shadows flit;
This home where rests a genial gloom,
These caverns swept by witches broom,
These halls that know no human wight---
To sally forth at candle light,
And meet five dozen specters there,
When truth to tell, I've naught to wear.
My winding sheet is out of style,
I've really lost my ghastly smile.
I can't assume that vacant stare,
I miss my former ghostly air.
I'm sure my cowl will never fit---
But let me sit, and think a bit.
Ah! there's that specter o'er the way,

Who just arrived the other day.
His winding sheet is just the mode—
I'll waft myself to his abode,
And borrow it---that will be rum,
Await me, shades, I Come, I COME!





You may sing of the bliss
When first kissing a kiss,
Of the joy when first taking to boots,
Of the jovial dash
Felt in a mustache---
When displaying its tenderest shoots.
Of the sensation, when,
With a sword or a pen,
You have put the whole world in a trance.
But the joy of all joys
That can come to us boys---
Is the joy of our first pair of pants.



IF I were born again,
What would I do---
If I were born again?
Would I the same old ties renew,
The same old reckless paths pursue---
And then a few,
If I were born again.

If I were born again,
What would I do---
If I were born again?
Would I my present faults eschew
And travel with the chosen few---
That would be blue,
If I were born again.

If I were born again,
What would I do---

 If I were born again?
I'd do the same as you would do,
Just do the same old things anew---

 That's what I'd do,
If I were born again.





BIRTHDAY party---

Johnny's seven.

Cards sent out---eight

To 'leven.

Kids all sizes

Come and eat,

Johnny's stuffed with

candy sweet;

Fruit and shortcake,

Puddings, pies,

Jam and sweetmeats,

To his eyes.

Same day next year---

Johnny's eight,

Dines behind the

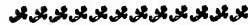
Golden gate.





Words are as stones cast thoughtlessly,
The circles widen o'er the sea---
Until they reach the farthest shore,
Then turn and seek us out once more.

A TOAST—WOMAN



IN all her ways,
In all her days,
Our admiration and our praise—
Are due her.

In pinafore,
In life's three score,
Our willing task is to adore—
And woo her.

She is the wine,
Of life's springtime,
That sets our every thought to rhyme—
Caress her.

As years increase,
She brings us peace,
Her ministrations never cease---
God bless her.





ONE night las' fall down hon de ma'sh,
We sing hon de canoe,
She's got some good jim dandy voice,
My ol' fren Pete Leroux.

She sing lak la belle chasonette,
I'm dreaming, nom de dieu,
I tank I hear an ol' goose honk,
Mon jee, says Pete Leroux.

Den I wak' up an' look at Pete,
I guess dat dream come true;
His eye she shine lak lightning bug,
Dat's goose, says Pete Leroux.

An' den de ol' goose honk ag'in,
An' Pete she's honking too---
She's got some good jim dandy honk,
My ol' fren Pete Leroux.

De goose she's coming down de wind,
She's come lak hurry too---
I lif' my gun an' make a wink
At ol' fren Pete Leroux.

An' den I bang, an' six big goose
Fall right hon de canoe---
You don't believe, you go an' ask
My ol' fren Pete Leroux.



JUST ONE YEAR
SINCE JULIE GO ✿



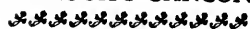
I miss my Julie since dat day
Pete Cuzeno tak' her away;
I nevair t'ink it hurt me so,
It's just one year since Julie go.

We used to sail off on de bay
And fish de summer days away;
I can no fish some more I know,
It's just one year since Julie go.

My heart she be one great big sigh,
I can't forget her if I try;
The day's so long, the night so slow,
It's just one year since Julie go.

Next spring I build me nodder boat,
She be de finest t'ing dat float.
I'll get up race with Cuzeno,
It's just one year since Julie go.





WE have some pretty dandy time
Way down here hon de bay;
My leetle boy, she's six year old,
Mak' sunshine all de day.

Sometime' we go out hon de boat
An' row up to de store---
He put his leetle han' on mine
An' tink he pull de oar.

He knows to shoot hes pa's big gun;
I hol' it cross my knee---
He tak' good aim an' let her fly---
Shoot knot hole off de tree.

An' when I go to lumber camp
He write me every day,
Such funny leetle scrawl---but den
Hes pa know what he say.

One day we fish an' get some bite,
He pull an' nevair flinch---
Den I pull, too---we get catfish
Weigh 'leven-pound'---two inch.





'Tis time that draws the sweetest note
From out the viol's mellow throat,
The ear grows keener till it hears
The harmony that moves the spheres.



PETE'S growing old. Sometimes I feel
I ain't much good but fish for eel.
I 'member when dis marsh was lake
An' moonbeams dance in pon' boat's wake.
I 'member when no house for mile'
'Cept few ole shanty by Presque Isle.
Dat be the time when Pete be smart
And know de muskrat trick by heart;
An' when two duck come all alone
I jes bang once; she fall lak stone.
But time is change; Pete los' her eye;
I can't shoot one duck now, I try;
But dats all right, I got my Joe.
You hear about dat boy? What, No?
One night win' she blow, blow, blow---
Lak nevaire blow before, I know;
An' some big boat jes off de shore
Go down, an' don't come up no more.
She all bus' up an' den nex' day

Some t'ings be floatin' hon de bay.
I tink I go an' save some wood,
An' maybe sometin' else dat's good;
An' dat's de way I find my Joe.
He's big boy now, dat's long time 'go:
De probate court try take from me,
'Cause lil' Joe have propertee.
But lil' Joe she hug me tight;
I say you tak him now you fight;
An' den de court she swear my han'
An' guess I mak' good guardian.
I teach him fish lak anyting;
An' how to set de trap in spring,
An' how to hunt, an' how to row,
An' how to mak' de pon' boat go;
An' now two duck come all alone
My Joe bang once---she fall lak stone.



IF I were master of the wealth
Deep hidden in the mines of earth,
I'd shape a crown of purest gold---
Enriched with gems of priceless worth;
Its every stone would scintillate
To match the lustre of her hair.
I'd proudly lay it at her feet
And go for more---my ladye fair.

If I could mount the radiant morn,
And speed into the golden East,
Where Persian marts display their wares---
A silken oriental feast.
I'd cull from them the choicest stuffs,
The richest weaves, and rarest dyes,
To grace my ladye's radiant form,
And vie the sparkle of her eyes.

If I could scale the mountain peak,
Where free, the sleek angora roams;
If I could ford the forest stream
Where busy beavers build their homes;
If I could tread the tiger's trail
Beneath the tropic's torrid heat---
I'd bring to her the rarest skins,
On which to rest her dainty feet.

But as I neither rule the earth,
Nor have the power to mount the morn;
And never hope to have a hand
In seeing lordly tigers shorn;
And as those things I wish above
Are only dreamings in my head---
I wish her health, I wish her wealth,
I wish her every joy, instead.



An eon hence, the spade of Time,
Will turn my moul'ring bones to view,
For sages of some race to read
The prehistoric tale anew.

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